THE EXAMINER.

No. 200 SUNDAY, OCT. 27, 1811.

THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. SWIFT.

No. 195.

THE DUKE OF YORK.

It was in May last that this ever-to-be-lamented Commander was restored to office by his brother the PRINCE REGENT. At sight of that re-appointment, which produced a momentary groan of pity and humiliation from the independent part of our Representatives, a dead silence took place in city and corporation all over the kingdom; many idiotical individuals, it is true, went about rubbing their hands and congratulating their prostitutes; and the *Morning Post*, as usual, gave them its congenial grin; but no person, or set of persons, with an atom of regard for a better reputation of sense, ventured upon applauding it; even the *Courier*, in all it's ardour for military abuses, could not find it in it's courage or conscience to defend this; and Mr. COBBETT himself, though anxious beyond measure, of late, to think and speak well of all that the REGENT might do for suffering Englishmen, concluded that it would be his best plan to say nothing on the subject; and now, after all these manifestations of the real public opinion, and after a lapse of five months, the good boroughmongers of *Ipswich* poke out their simple heads and thank the PRINCE REGENT with an Address for his "*wise* and *seasonable*" measure! The Gazette of Tuesday contained this egregious document, which, that no part of it's origin might be left unexplained, contains a panegyric upon his Royal Highness's continuance of the same principles of government which were maintained by our "revered Monarch," or, in plain terms, upon his continuance of the *Pittite system*, under which these Ipswich enthusiasts vow and protest they exceedingly enjoyed themselves. Now let us stop a little at the phrase "revered Monarch," and give it somewhat more attention than it appears to have received on the present ardent occasion. The Ipswichers "revere" their Monarch; and with due allowance for the difference of age in producing reverence, appear to regard his son the Duke of YORK with almost equal veneration. Now how can this be?—If they venerate the King, it is, of course, out of the sincerest respect to his character altogether; it is for the excellent qualities which they see in his domestic conduct, for his good example as a husband, for his "temperance, soberness, and chastity," and other congenial virtues which are highly worthy of respect, particularly in Princes. Having the soundest reverence then for his MAJESTY, they must, of necessity, be persons who have a proportionate abhorrence for the opposite qualities to those abovementioned: debauchery, for instance, must be something truly shocking to their moral taste: an Ipswich Alderman living in adultery with MRS. CLARKE is what they would never tolerate; or if it were possible to conceive an addressing Burgess so lost to himself, and, to go a step further, one who should apply the parish money to the support of his mistress and allow her to dispose of the offices of beadles and pew-openers, it is clear that he would be thrust out of the Corporation indignantly, and that any body who should get up and propose to think nothing of such offences, would be considered mad, or stupid, or a very suspicious person, or in short, a mere creature of corruption. Nothing can be more evident. To suppose less would be a gross piece of injustice to men who revere their Monarch for his virtues, and who hold him out to the nation as an example of all that is princely and paternal. How then can such men come before a son of this "revered Monarch," and congratulate him on having restored to an important office another son, who has been *guilty of all this in a higher degree*,—higher, because in a loftier sphere of action, and therefore with more sacrifice of dignity and a wider perniciousness of example?—Any of our Suffolk correspondents would oblige us with a solution of this riddle,—if one of the Addressers themselves, so much the better,—especially if he has a wife and a "revered" father of his own. It would be really curious to hear the logic, by which a reflecting yeoman can persuade himself that to set a bad example and to endanger the public resources are things that unfit a man for trust in the country without touching his capability in town. High however as moral science may be carried at Ipswich, it appears to be little superior to the military. The Addressers, in order to express the sum total of the Duke of YORK's "valuable services and *rare merits*," cast a rapid and poetical eye over the history of the British army, and do not hesitate to pronounce that it's "brilliant successes" are neither more nor less than the "happy result of the judicious and salutary system, devised and matured by the judgment and experience of his Royal Highness when in power." This great opinion wants no merit but originality. It has unfortunately been anticipated by a number of pamphlets, which expired in the act of pronouncing it, and has been repeated, time out of mind, by the *Morning Post* in particular; and indeed, if we were to take for granted all that has been uttered on the subject by these flitting oracles,—all that has been delivered to the winds by these *volitantia carmina*,—we should be persuaded, that there has never been a repulse of the French in the Peninsula, but what was owing to the Duke at the Horse-Guards,—that Lord WELLINGTON is altogether the formation of his hands,—that General FERGUSON, in particular, was animated to lead on the charge at Vimiera solely by the recollection of his Royal Highness's regular attendance at office,—in short, that while his Royal Highness was gobbling up the turtle at MRS. CLARKE's,

drinking wine out of glasses that cost a guinea a piece, and talking about FRENCH's behaviour to the Darling, he was only laying up vigour for the British arms, husbanding the resources of it's Commanders, and animating the pride and patriotism of it's Officers in general. Mr. WILBERFORCE, in expressing his impatience at hearing those oracles repeated by some person in the House of Commons,—Mr. FULLER, I believe,—may well have been indignant at opinions that lead to such ludicrous combination, and that would tend, as he said, to deprive the British army of its own proper merits, long existing before the Duke of YORK had any thing to do with it, and quite independent of any thing he can do for it. The truth of the matter has long been settled by persons who are at all acquainted with the army and its management; and it amounts simply to this,—that the Duke of YORK, setting aside all his conduct connected with Mrs. CLARKE, has undoubtedlo discharged his official duty to the satisfaction of the army, having shewn a regard for the soldier's interest, and adopted many salutary regulations for the service in general; but that, at the same time, hundreds of our General Officers could do quite as well, and most probably better, if we are to judge from their superiority to him in general intellect and acquired knowledge, and that as it is but just to suppose that none of these hundred Generals could be guilty of an official misconduct similar to that of his Royal Highness in his connexion with Mrs. CLARKE, it is to be concluded that there are, *at least*, in the British Army, a hundred Generals more fit than the Duke of YORK for the important trust of Commander-in-Chief, from their superior information, their more acknowledged services, and their more respectable habits of life.—In a word, what appeared against him during the Investigation, should have been *alone* sufficient to prevent him from ever returning to office. As the native ignorance exhibited in his love-letters is a standing jest against him, so the weakness exhibited in his conduct altogether is a standing proof of his demerit: he can never recover the dignity he has lost; he is derided and disesteemed by the country at large; and therefore it is impossible he can occupy his situation under an aspect becoming it's importance and fit for the continual contemplation of his MAJESTY's subjects. The Ipswich Statesmen should have considered all this, before they talked about his Royal Highness's judgment, or made such a brilliant display of their own. They would have done well also, to consult one of their parish Clergymen on the meaning of the word "system." A "*judicious* system" is undoubtedly to be attributed, as they inform us, to somebody's "*judgment*;" but when they tell us that the system of the British Army, that is to say, the whole spirit and economy of the British service considered in one great point of view, was *devised* by the Duke of YORK, long before whose time it flourished in all its glory, they might as well have called him the deviser of the Newtonian system, or have come to a resolution, "in Great Hall assembled," that "his Royal Highness the Duke of YORK be thanked for writing his excellent work, called *Locke on Education.*" Go home,—go home, for pity's sake,—worthy, but at the same time, wanton Burgesses; and take care ye are not corrupted with the example of the Prince of your panegyric.

The Address is said to have been received by the PRINCE REGENT "very graciously;" and the *Herald* and *Post*, worthy rivals in indecency on all occasions, wish it to be the forerunner of similar ones from all parts of the kingdom. It is ever the vice of what is prostituted to wish to see it's infamy multiplied; but public virtue is not so corrupted in this country as to be lost to all it's good old opinions of worth and merit, and such appeals will therefore only redouble, it is trusted, the good old contempt for profligacy and stupidity. If the PRINCE receives such addresses "very graciously," it only proves that he is very good-humoured to every body, or what has long been feared, that he really is not awake to his own weaknesses. But people who are inclined to laugh on these occasions, will think that the country would be equally justified in congratulating him on a fall down stairs, or on the former degradations of his life, or on any other slip, literal or metaphorical, which he may happen to have made; and those who are inclined to be more serious, will most earnestly advise these lovers of addressing to take warning from the awful events of latter times, and not to make Princes expose themselves when they are not doing it of their accord.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

MARITIME DECREE.

In the name of his Majesty the Emperor of the French, &c. the Commission of the Government, established by the Decree of the 13th of December, 1810, considering the Decree of his Majesty, dated the 26th of December, 1810, ordering that a Maritime Administration and Navigation Police should be established in the Hanseatic Departments, conformably to the laws and regulations in existence in France, upon the Report of the Counsellors of State, Intendant of the Interior and Finances, decrees as follows:—

Art. 1. There shall be taken throughout the Hanseatic Departments, a particular account of French Citizens who are destined to navigation.

Art. 2. The offices for maritime inscription are provisionally established at Hamburgh, for Hamburgh and Luneburgh; at Travemunde, for the arondissement of Lubeck; at Stadte, for the arondissement of Stadte; at Bramerlehe, for the department of the mouths of the Weser; and at Varel, for the department of the Upper Ems.

Art. 3. There are comprehended in the maritime inscription,—1. Sailors of every description, whether navigating armed or merchants' ships.—2. Those who navigate, or are fishermen.—3. Those who sail in barges or boats, upon the coast or in the roads, rivers, or canals, comprehended in the maritime districts.

Art. 4. There shall be included in the maritime inscription every citizen, aged 18, who has fulfilled one of the following conditions:—1. The having performed two long voyages, or to the Grand Fishery.—2. Having been at sea eighteen months.—

3. Having been employed in the coasting fishery two years.—4. Having served two years apprenticeship to the sea.

Art. 5. All foreign sailors residing in the territory of the Empire, who have married French women, and sailed in French merchant ships, are subject to the maritime inscription.

Art. 6. The already mentioned sailors are bound to present themselves at the office of Maritime Inspection in the district where they reside, and have their names inscribed.

Art. 7. Carpenters, sail-makers, &c. exercising their professions in the maritime ports and places, shall be called to the military posts in the event of war, preparations of war, or of extraordinary or considerable works. There shall be kept an exact registry in the offices of inscription, and they shall be exempt from all other requisitions than those relative to the maritime service.

Art. 8. Every French Citizen comprehended in the maritime inscription is exempt from all other services, than those of the Navy, Marine, Arsenals, and the National Guard, in the arrondissement of their districts.

Art. 9. Every Sailor who has attained the full age of fifty years, is, by right, exempt from the requisition for the ships or arsenals of the Empire; without, however, losing the power of continuing the employment of fishing, or even serving in the ships of the State.

Art. 10. There shall be granted to enrolled sailors, pensions, according to their rank, age, wounds, or infirmities. These pensions will be fixed according to their services on board the ships and arsenals of the Empire, and the merchants' vessels.

Art. 11. The length of service in the three departments, either in the merchants' service, or on board ships of war, shall be computed agreeably to Article 205 of the Imperial Decree of the 4th of July, 1811, as if it had taken place on board French ships, and give the same right to half-pay and pensions upon the Invalid Marine Chest.

Art. 12. The widows and children of sailors shall have the same claims to assistance and succours, as those of military men who died in the service.

Art. 13. All Captains, &c. navigating the rivers, or on the coasts of the 32d military division, will from thence to the 1st of November next, provide themselves with a *role d'equipage*, at the Maritime Office of Inscription.

Art. 14. Every Captain, &c. who, after the 1st of November, sails upon the rivers, coasts, &c. of the 32d military division, and has not conformed to the dispositions of the present decree, shall be punished with eight days' imprisonment, without prejudice to still greater penalties, should there be occasion to inflict them. The Marshal Prince of ECKMUIL.

Given at the Palace at Hamburgh, Sept. 17, 1811.

HOLLAND.

AMSTERDAM, OCT. 9.—To-day we had the happiness to see their Majesties within our walls. The National Guard and Guard of Honour assembled early, and about half-past two their Majesties made their solemn entry. The Mayor and his assistants had the honour to present their Majesties with the keys of the City; and pronounced a discourse analogous to the occasion, to which their Majesties deigned to reply. Cannon were fired, and the bells rang. All the houses were ornamented with festoons. The Ecclesiastical authorities were ranged in costume before the gates of their Temples. Orchestras, distributed from distance to distance, animated the most interesting scene ever beheld in our city. The streets and windows were crowded, and the spectacle was most imposing. If any thing could possibly have added to the solemnity of the day, it was the unanimity with which the new subjects of their Majesties manifested their joy. Acclamations of long life to the Emperor and Empress were heard from all quarters from the moment their Majesties entered the town. Their Majesties testified, with that affability which is so natural to them, how sensible they were of the universal proofs of love and admiration bestowed upon them. As soon as he arrived at the Palace, the Emperor deigned to receive the Ministers, Senators, and Counsellors of State. After which his Serene Highness the Prince Governor-General had the honour to present to his Majesty the superior Functionaries, Land and Sea Officers, the Authorities of the Department, the Tribunal of the First Order, the Chamber of Commerce, the Mayor, the Imperial Council, the heads of the Guard of Honour and National Guard. At night the town was illuminated.

SPEECH OF M. VON SCHOLTEN, PRESIDENT OF THE TRIBUNAL OF THE FIRST ORDER.

"SIRE,—Deign to permit the Members of the Tribunal of Amsterdam to have the honour of presenting to your Imperial and Royal Majesty their respectful homage. Frenchmen in heart more than in consequence of the union, the inhabitants of this great city feel all the honour of forming part of the Empire of Charlemagne, restored by a Monarch who is superior to him in all respects: of being governed by a hero and legislator, whose victories ensure the tranquillity of his numerous subjects, and who alone of all Sovereigns enables them to enjoy an enlightened administration and wise and uniform laws. Sire, your Majesty has deigned to watch over the maintenance of these laws. Their perfection facilitates their introduction, and ensures their march. The difficulty that always attends a new order, yields to the happiness which is procured by the laws of which your Majesty is the creator, and which are so well adapted to the present order of things. We shall neglect nothing, Sire, to make this part of your subjects share in the happiness which your Majesty spreads over your vast empire. The King of Rome guarantees the duration of these benefits; and the different people, subject to your Majesty, amalgamating more and more, will defeat the efforts of those who would disturb that happiness, and will realise that universal peace hitherto considered only as a sweet illusion. May the august presence of your Majesty, Sire, be the happy omen; and may the remotest posterity bless this moment and the name of your Majesty. May we, Sire, deserve the approbation of your Majesty and his paternal goodness, to which we recommend most respectfully our persons and our families."

SPEECH OF M. VAN, PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

"The Chamber of Commerce of your good city of Amsterdam is too happy in being admitted to the honour of laying at the feet of your Majesty the homage of their profound respect, the assurance of their unbounded devotion, and their eagerness to answer the wise and paternal views of your Majesty. They know that your Majesty, whose vast genius embraces and regulates in the twinkling of an eye the different interests of so many nations, cannot stoop to the narrow calculations of some individuals; and they would be as incompatible with your glory, as with the real interests of your empire. We entreat you, Sire, to accept the most ardent wishes for the prosperity of your reign, and the prolongation of your life."

UTRECHT, OCT. 6.—The Dutch people have every where during the Emperor's tour exhibited the most perfect confidence in the genius and fortune of this great Monarch. His Majesty arrived among us while we were raising the second year's conscription, and he can judge himself with what facility this law was executed, which unites under the same standard the warriors of Old and New France. The Dutch seamen feel, with some pride, that they form one of the most essential branches of the French Empire; and it is partly on their talents, zeal, and courage, that the Continent relies for the arrival of the happy epoch of the freedom of the seas. The Flemish, German, and Danish seamen, speaking almost the same language as the Dutch, having the same manners, fraternise, on board the Scheld' fleet, with the countrymen of Ruyter and Tromp. Is it to be believed, that, among so many seamen, there will

not arise talents capable of fighting, and even of conquering, the English? All classes are convinced that the present ills of Holland proceed solely from her having been a colony of England; and that her future hopes are founded solely upon her being a province of the French Empire. This positive and evident fact strikes all minds, whatever be their dispositions. Hence the English influence is become almost null with the mass of the nation; and when we are told that the English have still much friendship for us, we feel that it is the interested friendship of a merchant, who, by his folly, has lost a skilful and intelligent clerk. Moreover, the Emperor is visiting our cities, ports, and dykes—he enquires into our wants, studies our resources, and will leave here, as every where else, *memarable murks of his visit.*

PORTUGAL.

Lisbon, Oct. 13.—Not a word of news.—Head-quarters are at Freinadas; the enemy, according to all we receive respecting them, remain perfectly tranquil at Placentia, Salamanca, and Corea. Our army is nearly in its old position.

IRELAND.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW GENERAL COMMITTEE of the CATHOLICS of IRELAND.

Dublin, Oct. 19.—This day the long-expected Meeting took place at the Theatre, Fishamble-street. Nearly 300 Members attended from all parts of Ireland. A numerous concourse of spectators, of all religious persuasions, and many of the first men in Ireland for rank, fortune, and character, appeared at an early hour, to grace the Meeting with their countenance and support. The boxes, pit, and galleries of the Theatre, were crowded. About 150 of the most distinguished Members of the Committee were seen upon the stage—all anxious—all determined—animated by the love of the Constitution—tempered and guided by the most valuable spirit of moderation and concord. A few minutes before eleven o'clock, the Earl of Fingall presented himself to his approving countrymen, supported by a long train of Peers, Baronets, and the Representatives of a great portion of the wealth, talents, and virtue of Ireland. At eleven o'clock precisely, on the motion of Lord Netterville, seconded by Lord Viscount Southwell, the Earl of Fingall took the chair, amid loud acclamations. His Lordship modestly addressed the Meeting, thanked them for the confidence thus reposed in him, and declared, that he would on that occasion, and on every other, discharge his duty with zeal and fidelity. He stated, that there was but one object in view, namely, to be put on an equal footing with their Protestant fellow-subjects, which was an act of sound policy, as of immutable justice. There was one sole and definitive object for their consideration, and the introduction of any other business would be perfectly irrelevant.—(*Loud applause.*)

Viscount Netterville rose, and produced a draft of a Petition for the consideration of the Committee, and moved,

"That the Draft now read be approved of by this Committee, and recommended to the adoption of the Catholics of Ireland, throughout the respective counties, cities, towns, and parishes."

Viscount Southwell seconded the motion.

The Petition was then read and received with universal approbation.—Lord Netterville's motion was unanimously carried.

It was then carried, that the Petition be subject to revision, if necessary or prudent. Also, that the Committee do adjourn to a day preceding the meeting of Parliament by one fortnight, which, of course, will be on Wednesday, the 6th of November, the meeting of Parliament being prorogued to the 20th of that month.

The Hon. Thomas Barnewall then moved, "that the Earl of Fingall do leave the chair," which being carried, Lord Netterville was requested to take it. The sincere and warm thanks of the Meeting were then unanimously voted to the Earl of Fingall, for his dignified, manly, and prudent conduct this day in the chair, upon the motion of Mr. Barnewall, seconded by Sir Edward Bellew.—The chair being again vacated, and the intended business of the day being thus happily and effectually concluded, the Meeting broke up. The Earl of Fingall, Lord Southwell, and the other Members of the Committee, then left their seats, and were retiring, when Gentlemen from the head Police Office, who had been for some time present, rose to address Lord Fingall. Many persons at first imagined that these were Catholics desirous to deliver speeches, and, as the Meeting had adjourned, no attention was paid to them. Alderman Pemberton and Mr. Hare, two of these Police Magistrates, were evidently much embarrassed. The noise of mixed conversation and departing visitors completely drowned their voices. At length some Gentlemen recognized them, and apprized Lord Fingall of the circumstance. His Lordship had just reached the door, but instantly returned. The Magistrates, not knowing his person, fell into various mistakes in this respect, and addressed several Members successively with the title of "My Lord." With difficulty they, after some time, and with the help of some Catholic Gentlemen, addressed Lord Fingall, who stood upon one of the benches, in expectation of being addressed. The Meeting, as we observed already, had broken up; the business had been concluded; no object existed, calling for its continuance, and therefore no chair was taken or called for. What followed was merely in the nature of a personal conversation between Lord Fingall and Mr. Hare, in a corner of the room.

Mr. Hare then said, I understand I have the honour of addressing Lord Fingall. I wish to state my purpose for coming to this Meeting.—(*Loud cries of—the business is concluded.*)—I wish to state the fact.—(*Cries of—too late, too late.*)—I hope I shall have the honour of a hearing.—(*Cries of—the Meeting is over.*)—I trust your Lordship will not refuse me a hearing.

Lord Fingall.—Sir, I am no longer in the Chair; and I now speak only as an individual.

Mr. Hare.—I wish to state my object in coming here. I came here as a Magistrate, on an information which I received, that the General Committee of the Catholics of Ireland were to be assembled here this day. As soon as the Chair was taken, a person, who had been placed here for the purpose, came to me to apprize me of the fact, and I walked immediately here to disperse the Assembly, conceiving the Meeting to be unlawful.—(*Loud and general cries of too late, too late*). I hope that you are perfectly convinced that I did not mean to offer the slightest personal disrespect to the feeling of any individual, but to discharge a public duty. My object is effected, as you now disperse: but I wish to say, that the very moment I heard that the chair was taken, I walked here for the purpose of dispersing this Meeting.

Lord Fingall.—Sir, I am no longer in the chair; I am only as an individual here.

Mr. Hare having made some observation which was not heard by our Reporter,

The Hon. Mr. Barnewall stepped forward and spoke the following words:—Sir, I think myself called upon to come forward as a member of the Catholic Body, and the son of a Catholic Nobleman, to assure you, that none amongst us, from the Peer to the Ploughman, wish to shew any disrespect to the Government and the Magistrates of this kingdom, but that we are all determined to join hand in hand with our fellow-subjects of every religious persuasion, in the defence of our country, to the last drop of our blood.

It is remarkable, that two of the Head Constables of this District applied for admittance *at twenty minutes before eleven*, were actually admitted, and were conducted to seats in the gallery by Messrs. Murphy, Mahon, and Dromgoole (Members of the Sub-Committee of Arrangement), and sate there quietly throughout the entire scene.

Thus ended the business of this memorable day, to the satisfaction and delight of every lover of religious liberty; a glo-

rious day to every Member of the Committee, who, on this occasion, attended to perform his duty!—a delightful day for every honest, honourable Irishman!—*Dublin Evening Post.*

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MELANCHOLY CASE.—"About five o'clock this evening" (Thursday), says the writer of this communication, "as I was walking on South Sea Beach, I discovered, at some distance, a person in the water, apparently struggling for life. I immediately ran to the spot, and discovered a poor unfortunate female rashly attempting to drown herself. It would be impossible to describe the feelings of my mind when I came up. I, however, instantly rushed into the water, and was happily the means of rescuing a fellow-creature from a watery grave: she was so much exhausted, that it was with the utmost difficulty animation was restored. When she became somewhat sensible, she related the following affecting account of herself: That she lived at Chichester, where her father is a respectable tradesman; that she was allured from her friends by a Captain M——, of the army, who paid his addresses to her for a considerable time, and had even promised her marriage; brought her to Portsmouth; and then thinking he should be unable, as she supposed, to triumph over her virtue, he obtained from her three one-pound notes and a few shillings, with which he absconded, leaving her pennyless. Her being thus robbed, deserted, and left friendless, nearly twenty miles from home, made such an impression on her mind, that it rendered her life utterly insupportable, and she hardly knew what she did when she attempted to drown herself. I took her to my home, and my wife furnished her with a change of clothes, and gave her refreshment; and after much earnest solicitation, and a promise, on my part, to effect a reconciliation with her parents, she consented, and set off to return to them."

Last week an inquisition was taken near Scarborough, on view of the body of Ann Viler, of Foxholes, aged 18 years. This unfortunate girl had been seduced by a young man in the neighbourhood, by whom she was pregnant. Meeting him lately, she earnestly requested to know his intention towards her, when he left her without replying. This seems to have preyed so much upon her mind, as to induce her to take a quantity of white arsenic in some beer. She soon became sick, and continued to grow worse; and on the following day, in a convulsive fit, she was delivered of a dead female child, and the next day put an end to her extreme torture. After a long investigation, the Jury returned a verdict—*Died by poison, taken in a fit of lunacy.*

The circumstances which lately took place at the Crown Inn, Portsmouth, have been the cause of very severe affliction in the person of Bradbury, who, as has been already stated, was in the Crown Inn, when Mr. Crofton attempted to deprive himself of life. The horror-striking sight Mr. Crofton so momentarily presented—with a razor in his hand lacerating his throat, the blood from which flowed out upon Bradbury's arm,—had such an effect upon the imagination of the latter, as to have since deprived him of reason. He attended at St. Thomas's Church on the following Sunday; and after divine service was ended, he went into the vestry, and requested the Rev. Mr. Russell would pray for him, as he intended to cut his throat! The distemper of mind which he was then partially under the control of, daily increased; and he is now in close confinement, under all those restraints which are used with persons in such a melancholy state.

Mr. Thomas Aird, in Kirkland of Maybole, is in his 91st year. His eldest son was born 70 years ago, and his youngest on Saturday week.

At Knaresborough Sessions, Thomas Fell was charged with assaulting his wife, and entered the bar with a very martial air; he detailed, with a good deal of animation accompanied with appropriate action, the events which led to this domestic hostility, and declared that though he had been in the army nineteen years, he never was in such danger as on the memorable day that action took place, from a numerous levy of old women who attacked him both in front and rear. He promised, however, to avoid beating his wife in future, *if so be* that she gave him no occasion; and he said she was a very good wife. The wife not appearing to substantiate her charge, the prisoner was discharged.—Thomas Bateman was also charged with an assault upon his wife.—Mr. Hardy objected to this case being gone into, on the ground *that as the husband had by law a right to beat his wife*, he could not be tried on an indictment for an assault upon her; the proper course would have been to exhibit articles of the peace against him. After some consultation the Bench recommended that the husband should find sureties to keep the peace towards his wife, and be discharged; which recommendation was complied with.

Sunday se'nnight, Peter Sherring, a pilot, from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, came as a passenger by the Deal coach, on his way to London, and stopped at the Chest Arms Tavern, Chatham, where he was persuaded to remain till the morning, that he might recover from the effects of a blow he had received on the head in consequence of a fall on Chatham-hill, whilst jumping from off the coach, being alarmed at the fall of one of the horses. He went to bed apparently composed, but about three o'clock in the morning, a gentleman sleeping in the next room, awoke on hearing a strange noise, and going to the window of his room, saw the pilot hanging by his hands on the sill of the window, and heard him say, "she's sinking, she's sinking; now my boys!" when he let go his hold, and fell into the street. An alarm was instantly given, when the landlord, Mr. Chany, arose, and sent for surgical assistance; but the unfortunate man was too much injured to be relieved; his skull was fractured, and he died in about two hours after the accident.

Tottenham, and its vicinity, have recently been the scenes of the most brutal outrages and nocturnal depredations, which loudly call for the interference of the Magistrates. Not long ago several tails and manes of horses were cut off in the night, for the sake of the hair they produced. The villains had also the cruelty to deprive milch cows of their tails, apparently from no other than a wanton motive. The last act of brutality committed exceeds in barbarity all the former. Mr. Tuck, butcher, of Tottenham, recently assisted in bringing to justice one of the party for a misdemeanour, and it is suspected that this offender, in conjunction with others, and by way of revenge, did, in the night of the 13th, seize a horse which was grazing with others in his field in Marsh-lane, and wantonly maimed him, by cutting him across the knee of the fore leg in three different places, with a view of entirely separating it from the body, and cutting off one of his ears. Appropriate rewards have been offered on conviction of the offenders, but in vain.

A few days ago, as Lieut. Wadley, of the Wilts regiment, was walking on the beach with a friend, near the Upper Handway, their progress was arrested by the sight of a miserable horse, aged and poor, standing in the shafts of a cart, but nearly dropping from fatigue and loss of blood. On enquiring of the neighbours the cause of the horrid appearance of the animal, they were answered, the owner had been beating it over the head with a large stick till it broke, and then glutted his revenge by violently thrusting the broken fragment up the nostrils of the unresisting and persecuted beast, till it bled so profusely that it was nearly exhausted. On their expressing their horror at the conduct of the merciless owner, Thomas Day, of Elsen, appeared:—he came with a bucket of water, which was dashed at the head of the animal, to staunch, if possible, the blood, accompanied with blasphemous threats of future punishment.—The horse naturally threw back his head as the water approached; upon which the enraged owner seized him on both sides of the head, and held him till he was tired by kicking him on the chest and legs. Information was laid before a Magistrate of Gosport, who regretted that the act was not cognizable by law. Had Lord Erskine's Bill passed into a law, such disgraceful scenes of inhumanity might have been prevented.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

In endeavouring to prevent the escape of a man suspected of an intention to desert, a soldier lately fired his musket in the street of a crowded town, by which, after breaking the arm of the supposed deserter, an innocent carter, passing in the street,

was killed. The firing, in this case, may have been justifiable by the laws of war, and even by the present law of the land; but surely it is necessary to enact that no motive, but that of self defence, shall warrant the discharge of fire-arms in such situations.

At the Warwick Sessions a Writ of Inquiry was executed before the Under Sheriff, to assess the damages for a breach of a promise of marriage. The plaintiff in this case was Miss Maria Moore, of Preston Baggott, and the defendant Mr. W. Draper, of High Cross, in the parish of Rowington. The defendant had suffered judgment to go by default, and the Jury returned a verdict of 250*l.* damages.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Whitehall, Oct. 22.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to constitute and appoint the Right Hon. Charles Hope, his Majesty's Justice Clerk in Scotland, to be President of the College of Justice in Scotland, in the room of Robert Blair, Esq. deceased.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased to appoint John Drinkwater, Esq. to be one of the Comptrollers of Army Accounts.

BANKRUPCIES ENLARGED.

N. Bunn, Wickham-market, Suffolk, miller, from Oct 15 to Nov. 5.
E. Ellis, Mercery lane, Canterbury, hatter, from Oct. 25 to Nov. 5.
T. Hopkins, Cross Hall, Morley, Yorkshire, merchant, to Nov. 18.
J. H. Hughes, Manchester, cotton-spinner, from Oct. 26 to Nov. 5.
R. Williams, Oxford-street, china and glass-man, from Oct. 26 to Nov. 5.

BANKRUPTS.

J. D'Aguilar, Liverpool, merchant.
J. Ball, Newcastle-under-Lime, Staffordshire, grocer.
R. Hunt, White-cross-street, London, victualler.
E. Harris, St. Catherine's, London, dealer.
T. Hall, Hart-street, Grosvenor-square, coach-maker.
J. Jones, and Co. Liverpool, merchants.
J. Ross, Bedford-street, Covent-garden, silversmith.
W. E. Royston, West Leigh, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
G. Sellers, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.
E. Simmons, Deal, Kent, grocer.
T. Thomas, Prince's-street, Hanover-square, jeweller.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, Oct. 26, 1811.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Vansittart.

His Majesty's ship Fortunee, at Sea, Oct. 11.

SIR,—I have the honour to report to you, that his Majesty's ship under my command, and the Saldanha cruising in company, in the execution of your order of the 14th ult. at daylight this morning, the Saldanha at six or seven miles distance, bearing west by north, wind west, a strange ship was discovered south west by south, distant seven or eight miles on the larboard tack, which immediately tacked and made all sail from us; at three o'clock, the Saldanha closing first on the weather quarter of the chase, and his Majesty's ship under my command on the lee beam, the shot flying over her, she struck, and proves to be the [illegible] privateer Le Vice-Amiral Martin, which, by the superiority of her sailing has so often escaped from his Majesty's ships, and been so successful on her former cruises. I have the greater [illegible] in communicating this capture, as both Captain Pa[illegible] myself feel assured, that from the style of her [illegible] the dexterity of her manœuvres, neither ship [illegible] though both were going eleven knots, with royals set, would have succeeded in capturing her. She mounts eighteen guns, and one hundred and forty men, four days out from Bayonne, and had not taken any thing.

I have the honour to be, &c.,
H. VANSITTART, Captain.

Downing-street, Oct. 26, 1811.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent hath been graciously pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to appoint Anthony Saint John Baker, Esq. to be one of his Majesty's Secretary of Legation in America.

BANKRUPTCIES ENLARGED.

J. Van Millingen, Sion-square, Whitechapel, jeweller, from Oct. 29 to Dec. 10.—W. Brightly, Widegate-street, London, printer, from Oct. 26 to Dec. 14.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

J. Saxon, Manchester, cotton-twist-dealer.

BANKRUPTS.

R. Needham, Old Broad-street, auctioneer.
W. Cockburn, Cheltenham, upholsterer.
W. P. Evans, Pwllheli, Carnarvon, draper.
F. Le Mesurier, Lloyd's Coffee-house, merchant.
R. Field, Yalding, Kent, dealer and chapman.
W. France and J. Bennett, Shoreditch, tallow-chandlers.
T. Sisley, Isle of Thanet, Kent, merchant.
W. H. Tempest, Vauxhall, haberdasher.
F. J. Dupont, Watford, Hertford, draper.
H. Brough, Camberwell, Surrey, mariner.
K. Beeston and M. Briggs, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, milliners.

Our Leicester Correspondent is informed, that the Piece he alludes to may be procured of Mr. Power, in the Strand.
Many Communications are delayed for want of room.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, OCTOBER 27.

MINISTERS have not thought proper to publish the Dispatches received on Tuesday from Lord WELLINGTON, which their journals say contain no intelligence of importance.—The Allies are understood to have gone into cantonments for the rainy season, while a part of the French army has entered Gallicia, where the Spaniards are much too weak to make a successful resistance.—Marshal SUCHET with 26,000 men, following up his victorious career, has advanced upon Valencia, which is expected soon to follow the fate of Tarragona. Thus, while Lord WELLINGTON is compelled to remain inactive on the Portuguese frontiers, the subjugation of Spain is rapidly proceeding, and it appears pretty certain, that the few remaining Spanish fortresses will fall under French dominion during the approaching winter.—If the French are thus active during the stormy season, there must be other powerful causes which arrest the exertions of Lord WELLINGTON. It is indeed said, that upwards of 20,000 of his troops are on the sick list,—and the late operations abundantly prove that he is not sufficiently strong to face the French.—The cost of the war in Portugal is estimated at *more than one hundred thousand pounds a-day*. Taking a clear and careful view of all the recent events in the Peninsula, will any prudent person venture to affirm, that the advantages resulting to the people of England, who furnish all this

money, are any thing like an equivalent for the expense? In fact, the only real good arising to the nation by the continuation of hostilities in Portugal is, that veteran soldiers and able officers are thereby created. Allowing this to be an advantage of some importance, is it not too dearly purchased at such a prodigious expense of treasure and of blood?

While this darkness overspreads our view on the European Continent, the prospects in America are little less gloomy. The new Elections into the Congress of the United States are stated to be decidedly in favour of the party inimical to British views; and as the Representatives of the American people are really chosen by the nation, it is thus apparent that the great body of our American brethren are hostile to us.—And can this be matter of astonishment? Our Orders in Council have destroyed their commerce with the greater part of Europe: and without wishing to join with either of the belligerents,—who are equally proud and powerful,—they are not only deprived of many of the advantages of peace, but are even visited by a great proportion of the evils of war. How would Englishmen carry themselves under such unprovoked and painful circumstances? The American Government paper asserts, too, that the agents of England are endeavouring to stir up the Indians to acts of hostility against the United States. This charge will be of course denied; but there is ample proof that in many former disputes between the two Governments, the Indian natives were induced by British influence to assume a threatening attitude.—The *National Intelligencer*, it will be seen, is tolerably open in its charge. It observes,—

"Our readers have, doubtless, perused with interest, the various accounts given, at different times, of the hostile attitude of different tribes of Indians. It has very naturally been a subject of surprise to those not acquainted with the cause of it, that a handful of these aboriginal savages should seek their own destruction, by provoking the indignation and resentment of their more powerful neighbours of these States. It is not likely, indeed, they would have stirred, but for the active exertions of the British Agents on our frontier. It is a fact, that the latter have been exciting them to hostilities against the United States, by every means in their power, for several years past; and have scarcely ever intermitted their good offices in this way. In the year 1810, a Miami Chief, having received at Fort Malden his annual donation of goods, was thus addressed by Ellicott, the British Agent:—'My son, keep your eyes fixed on me,—my tomahawk is up. Be you ready,—but do not strike until I give you the signal.' So long ago as 1808, an Agent from the British provinces arrived at Prophet's-town, and delivered a message; the substance of which was, to urge the Prophet to unite as many tribes as he could against the United States, but not to commence hostilities until they gave the signal. A great belt has lately been sent round among those tribes, on our northern frontier, for the purpose of uniting them in a confederacy; the object of which was, as we are correctly advised, 'to confine the great water, and prevent it from overflowing them.' This belt, since its return, was shewn to a prominent British Agent in that country, who danced for joy, to see that so many tribes had joined against the United States. Every account we receive from that country confirms the belief, that the British Agents among the Indians excite them against us, and furnish them with muskets, powder, ball, provisions, &c. These facts exhibit so profligate a destitution of humanity and principle in the authors of the scheme, that we have been unwilling to place much confidence in them; but they are now confirmed by such a mass of evidence as cannot be withstood. If the actors in this drama had no regard for their own honour, no feelings for their own reputation, to deter them from this course of policy, humanity might have shielded the Indians from these detestable intrigues of the British emissaries, which will, we fear, devote these deluded natives to destruction, unless the exercise of their natural good sense should snatch them from the precipice on the brink of which they hover. Mean while, let us, one and all, look out for 'the signal' which is to be given when the Indians are to strike."

Letters from Gibraltar say, that advices had been received from the city of Valencia, of the 17th, and from Alicant as late as the 24th ult. In these it is positively stated, that the French were approaching to Valencia in two columns, composing, together, a force of 26,000 men, under the immediate orders of Marshal SUCHET; the one had proceeded from Tortosa along the coast, and the other to unite at the same point near Valencia, had advanced from Teruel. By the march of these forces a general consternation had been produced throughout the province, and especially in the capital, from which a great number of opulent citizens had embarked.

Some of the letters from Gibraltar give the most gloomy statement of the present posture of the Spaniards:—

"GIBRALTAR, OCT. 10.—The whole coast of Spain must be soon in possession of the French. Valencia by this time, it is supposed, has fallen, and it is feared will suffer equal to Tarragona; thus there remain only Alicant and Carthagena open, and the moment the French appear, they will give up. We have a brave Spaniard in this neighbourhood, VALESTARO, with a handful of men, which can do but little."

There is an important circumstance, connected with the late actions with the enemy, which we hope will sink deep into the hearts of those men who, by their intolerance and unconstitutional proceedings, would deprive the state of the powerful support to be derived from the courage and talents of Irishmen. We pledge the character of our Paper for the truth of the fact we are about to state; we give it on the honourable authority of a British Officer, who was a witness of the transaction.—On perusing Lord Wellington's dispatch, the reader will observe that his Lordship mentions a gallant affair, in which the 14th and 16th light dragoons, and the light infantry of the 61st regiment of foot, were opposed to "*the Lanciers de Berg*," when our troops were distinguished by their usual bravery. On this occasion the Officer who commanded the Lanciers, and some of his men, were surrounded—every effort was strained to make them prisoners—yet the Officer, without any hope of escape, continued to fight; all the exertions of our gallant fellows to take him, without injury to his person, were in vain—still he endeavoured to animate his men, and persevered in a desperate resistance—*he refused quarter*, and the British, with reluctance, were, in their own defence, obliged *to cut him down*: when he fell, he addressed them, in English, in these words:—"*I am satisfied—remember I am an Irishman, and my name is O'Finn*," *and instantly expired*!—This fact speaks volumes, and, *for the present*, we shall leave it to the *Intolerants*, to the authors of the Circular and the Proclamations, to make the commentary!—*Dublin Evening Post.*

"The interests of England, says a letter from Boston, dated Sept. 20, are on the wane. The elections are going against the Federal party—MADISON will be very

strong in Congress, and will carry his measures therefore with a high hand. One of the first it is universally supposed will be an embargo, operating in a small degree against us, but much more seriously against Great Britain."—We are told in another communication, that seven-eighths of the nominations, both in the Senate and the House of Representatives, are in favour of the party of the President.

On Friday Government received dispatches from Mr. Foster, the British Minister in America. Nothing has transpired respecting their contents; "but we believe (says the *Sun*) there is no reason to suppose that the American Government will depart from that system of partiality which it has so long manifested towards France."

There is a story in the daily papers respecting a man who took up a boy on horseback, to show him the road. After arriving near Turnham-Green, the man made two incisions with a knife in the boy's thigh, and then put him down in a lane, where he was found bleeding.

The reason for drafting the crew of the Diana frigate, at Plymouth, to the flag-ship, was the receipt of a letter from one of the crew, writing in the name of his shipmates, and complaining of ill usage. The Lords of the Admiralty sent down an order to inquire into the circumstances; and the Officers appointed beginning at the top of the list of the crew, demanded of each man if he had written the letter? Many in succession answered no; but at length a man boldly avowed it. Being asked if he wrote it at the desire of the crew, he answered in the affirmative. The Officers appointed to examine them began the list again, and asked every man, if the letter was written at his request; to which they all answered in the affirmative. On Tuesday week three of the Royal Marines belonging to the Diana were sent on board the Salvador, for trial, *for having demanded why they were not drafted as well as the seamen*: and on Thursday, a Court-martial acquitted two of them, and sentenced the third to *three months' imprisonment* in the Marshalsea.—This is a tolerably severe punishment for having asked a question only!

A plan has been brought forward by a Mr. Fane; and was a few days since exhibited before the Lords of the Admiralty. It is a four-pound shot, wrapped round with a prepared cotton, and made very hard, so as to appear like a large cannon-ball—on firing of which, it has the usual effect of a cannon-shot; but the moment it starts from the cannon's mouth, it presents one solid mass of fire, and whatever it hits, whether rigging or hull of a ship, will immediately take fire.

A gentleman who died a few days ago, and whose fortune is said to amount to between three and four hundred thousand pounds, never having been married, he has bequeathed the whole of his immmense fortune, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, to his nephew, but upon this sole and express condition, that he shall cause his body, after being enclosed in a leaden coffin, to be deposited in a small room, built by the deceased during his lifetime, on the top of a melting house. In failure of this injunction, the whole property is willed to be added to the Funds of Rowland Hill's Chapel. His nephew does not intend losing the bequest on the score of non compliance. He has already caused the chamber to be fitted up with black cloth, and the funeral is to take place on Monday next, when the body will be deposited agreeably to the injunctions of his uncle's will. —*Sun.*

A Court-Martial assembled on Friday morning on board the Gladiator, at Portsmouth, for the trial of Captain Barrie, the Officers, and crew of his Majesty's late ship Pomone, which was lost in attempting to come through the Needles. After a mature investigation, the Court acquitted Captain Barrie, Officers, and crew, except the Master, who was ordered to be reprimanded.

THE KING'S ILLNESS.

MEDICAL BULLETINS

"*Windsor Castle, Oct. 20.*

"The King has continued nearly in the same state throughout the week."

The accounts from Windsor state, that the King is worse than he was at the beginning of the week.

ON THE COUNTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Much has been said and much has been written in commendation of the country, and its advocates have not failed to represent it as the abode of innocence, of tranquillity, and of virtue. It may be amusing and perhaps not uninstructive to examine into the truth of this opinion by an appeal to facts and experience.—For this purpose we will endeavour to trace an outline of village manners, and then proceed to a few remarks on those of a country town. The principal personages of the former are the farmer, the parson, the doctor, and the lawyer, with their wives and families. The farmer but too often sets an example of morality by seducing the wives and daughters of his labourers; the parson inculcates religion by being at variance with his parishioners on the subject of tythes; the doctor preserves the health of the parish by inundating it with physic; and the lawyer promotes harmony and peace by encouraging quarrels and litigations. Their wives and daughters, in the leisure from domestic occupations, are employed in reading novels, scrutinizing each other's conduct, talking scandal, and playing at loo, commerce, or some such game, and who, when occasions offer, will not hesitate to pluck a pidgeon with as much dexterity as the titled gamblers of Pall-mall or St. James's-street.—The labourers, the poor "clods of the valley," they spend the few leisure hours they have in the ale-house, dissipating their hard-earnings in drunkenness, or playing at put, or all-fours, with ostlers and common soldiers, leaving their wives and children in poverty and rags, who are either thrown on the parish for support, or, what is more common, become thieves and prostitutes. The country town presents an epitome of the metropolis, but with this difference, that you have here all the vices of the latter, with few or any of its virtues or refinements to serve as a palliation. Here drunkenness, debauchery, and irreligion exist in all their grossness, and being mixed with a degree of vulgarity, appear to the moral eye tenfold more disgusting. Here too, as well as in the village, cards and scandal hold their court, and a species of impertinent curiosity pervades all ranks, to which London is a stranger. Speak to the inhabitants of the beauty of the country, of the surrounding rivers, its flowery meadows, or its cultivated fields, of the melody of the birds, of the purity and salubriousness of its air, or the grandeur and sublimity which its appearance may present,—Alas!

they understand you not; or in reply to your observations, will remark, that it is a fine grazing or corn country,—a fine one for sporting or fishing,—or that the roads are as good as any in the kingdom. Such, Sir, generally speaking, is the country; and whatever might have been the case in times past, at present, as a truly philosophic poet says—

"Auburn and Eden can no more be found."

Oct. 24, 1811. LONDINENSIS.

HANDEL'S FUGUE.

SIR,—In answer to your Correspondent's query, in last Sunday's Paper, concerning the fingering of Handel's Fugue in E minor, I beg leave to state, that it is a matter of indifference with which hand the three first bars are played; but in proceeding further many difficulties occur; the harmony in some parts lies so wide, that the passages cannot be executed with either hand separately; particularly the 25th and 26th bars, where part of the thema or subject must be played with both hands alternately, a semiquaver being given to each. When Handel composed his fugues, no doubt he had in mind the idea of the German organs with pedals, by means of which dispersed harmony may be executed with ease. I have heard, many years ago, the fugue in question played, in a masterly style, by Mr. Baumgarten, on an organ with pedals, at the German Chapel in the Savoy. G. JONES.

Ave-Maria-lane.

THE COMET.

"——— Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible."

SHAKSPEARE.

SIR,—For this once I have again ventured to trouble you relative to our northern luminary (the Comet) when for the future I shall leave to others to verify the quotation just mentioned. This celestical phenomenon is of course "the burthen of my song." A truly *philosophic* correspondent of the *British Press*, under the signature of *Dorcas*, has indeed pointed out a way to the Royal Astronomer, by which the most satisfactory information of the nature of the constituent particles that compose its body might soon undoubtedly be ascertained. The spirited proposition, which will I think intitle this Gentleman to public thanks, is, that of his having requested the Royal Astronomer to ascend and consult the stars, by the assistance of a balloon from Sadler, and with gas lights from Winsor. If I might, Mr. Editor, be allowed to hazard an opinion, by way of an amendment, without being deemed arrogant, I would wish to suggest to the ingenious projector, that instead of dispatching the royal servant by himself, to recommend to Mr. Dorcas himself to accompany him; and rather than pursuing half measures, I would advise him, that in place of consulting the stars for an *éclaircissement* of its nature, &c. to steer his course immediately to this wonderful stranger. *Tot homines quot sententiæ*, that many heads are better than one, nobody will deny; and that it might not be amiss to hint at the same time, also, the advantage that might accrue, were they to solicit a number of experimental chemists and licenced physicians, with as many itinerant preachers, to sojourn thither, to attempt an establishment *à l'Angloise* (many of whom might be very well spared), by ushering in those innovations which, *malheur eusement pour nous*, are become almost universal with us. How this prevailing new system of experiments of physicking and of preaching might agree with the cometary inhabitants, whose constitutions differ widely probably from those of our own, remain to be proved. One satisfaction will be, however, that a greater alarm and apprehension would not be likely to ensue than has been already excited with us poor devils. The flattering reception, likewise, with which our *literati* may expect to meet with on the new world, needs scarcely be doubted: novelty, however absurd, is at all times eagerly received from whatever Rosocrucian it may proceed; and it is a well attested maxim among the French, and as applicable to us now as ever it was to them, that "*on prend le peuple par les oreilles, comme on fait un pot par les anses.*" One observation more and I have done, and which may be highly essential to be made known to our aerial travellers; and that is, to halt on their way at the Great Bear for a fresh supply of air and lights, conceiving they may stand in need of them in passing from one atmosphere to another *in vacuo*. *Apropos*—a friend has just informed me, which, should it be true, might prove very commodious, that a person who kept formerly the Black Bear in Piccadilly has been induced, by the advice of his physicians, to remove to the hemispherical Great Bear for the benefit of his health, and who could most likely afford the necessary information for prosecuting their journey.—I am, Sir, obediently, your's, CHARLES.

Nelson-square, Oct. 22.

P. S. I do not credit the statement as true, that of the Comet being formed by a number of French soldiers, out of service on half-pay, agreeing to chum together, by which means the nucleus or body of the Comet has been occasioned.—*Tantum.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

MR. EDITOR,—In reading your Paper for Sunday last, October 20th, I could not help admiring the energetic and humorous production of your thrice valuable and important Correspondent residing at Nelson-square, signed A.

Surely, Mr. Editor, it must be a gentleman eagerly watching the opportunity of becoming an Author, or he would never (on such an occasion) rushed out into the public with his thundering abuse, in order at once to crush —what!!—the humble speculation * of a few individuals, who have *dared* to submit to the public their thoughts on the subject of Comets through the medium of a Newspaper!!!

I certainly should have dismissed that very learned gentleman's letter with a *becoming smile*, had I not known how high your Paper stood in the estimation of the public; and being aware that the generality of your readers had not seen my letter alluded to in the *Morning Advertiser*, for Monday, Oct. the 7th, and as *that letter* appears to have produced the paroxysm of his rage, I beg leave, respectfully, to refer the perusal of it to your readers, in order that they may judge for themselves, not only of the impropriety of that learned gentleman's animadversions, but of the injustice of his representing me as supposing that fire would annihilate the globe it surrounds. This,

* May I presume to tell the Learned Gentleman, that all *improvements in knowledge* are at first founded on *speculation*, and is therefore only speculation strengthened by experience, until it arrives to its mature state, and admits of *demonstration*.

no doubt, may be considered as a specimen of his *own* philosophy—not mine.

I think it also proper, by your permission, Mr. Editor, to inform your learned correspondent, that my second letter on the same subject, which appeared in the *Morning Advertiser* for yesterday, October 24, was prepared and sent to that Office previous to my reading of his tremendous letter, least the *idea of my pertinacity* might bring on him the awful consequences of insanity, and myself falling within the vortex of his ungovernable rage.

My chief motive in submitting my thoughts to the candid consideration of the public, being a desire to be supported in my conjectures, or to have them refuted by argument and not declamation, will be, I doubt not, a sufficient apology with all *truly* wise men; and surely the negation of an hypothesis is far more easy than to support it against all the objections which may be urged.—With every good wish to promote and increase in knowledge, I subscribe myself, Mr. Editor, your very humble Servant,

Lee Bridge, Lewisham, Kent. J. Francis.

FINE ARTS.

BARTOLOZZI.

Among the lesser evils of war which are not generally taken into the political account, may be reckoned the facilities which are offered to the envious and malignant, in intercepting the studies and impeding the calm and virtuous pursuits of the good and great.—The theatre of war is but too often the head-quarters of this worthless herd, who, at such times, bask in the sunshine of court favour, and intercept its rays from the deserving. Through the intrigues of such reptiles, Pellegrini, the painter, has been dismissed from Portugal, on a vague charge and without trial; and Bartolozzi, the veteran engraver, who was invited thither to establish a school of engraving, and who is the revered father of most of the schools in Europe, is anonymously, and in express terms, threatened with a similar fate, unless certain conditions are complied with; which terms, however, afford a sufficient index to the quarter from whence such malevolence originates.

Doubtless the friends of this great artist in England would hail his return with joy; but to be accused falsely, and to suffer the punishment of guilt, without the opportunity of vindication, would be a heart-galling circumstance to a mind of honourable feeling. It is hoped, however, that the constituted authorities at Lisbon, are not yet so enfeebled as to regard without ridicule, such charges as jacobinism, free-masonry, and libertinism, at the age of 85!—The well founded celebrity and moral character of the artist ought effectually to shield him, and his conscious rectitude enable him to shake off such improbable aspersions and futile annoyances, as the lion shakes the dew drops from his mane.

CARICATURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—Knowing your extreme regard for the reputation of the Arts, it has been somewhat surprising to me that you have not, ere this, noticed some of those shameless innovations on the privileged latitude of a certain species of painting well known in the political world, under the title of Caricatures; an art which, though from its very nature cannot bear the test of comparison with works of scientific composition, has, in many of its productions, been allowed to possess considerable merit, nor unfrequently proved of salutary effect. In calling your attention to its present depraved state of prostitution, I must not be supposed as even suspecting its influence on the genius and peculiar bent of an artist professedly preserving the paths of science, but as it most unquestionably is, not only in itself, but in its tendency, closely allied thereto, may very properly come under your observation. The abuses to which I particularly allude, are those feeble and indecent attempts at satirical painting, the exhibition of which has become not only a nuisance to the passenger, and in the last degree offensive to the taste of every mind susceptible of any thing like interest in the national respectability of the arts in England; but, from the casual observations I have made of the class of persons generally attracted by their exposure, must also, I am persuaded, have an inevitable tendency to weaken the influence of works intended to enforce, by more lively impressions, the lessons of morality; and thus seriously detract from the value, and defeat the best ends of well directed genius.

The printseller can perhaps furnish us with some more cogent argument for the encouragement he gives to the *production* and consequently to the injurious *circulation* of such trash, than the gain which accrues to himself from the sale, and which he may tell us he could not effectually promote by any other means. I must, however, Mr. Editor, appeal to yourself, as well as the majority of your readers, whether, if he have no other inducement than personal emolument, seeing the evil of which it is naturally productive, such a motive ought not in justice to be sacrificed to the claims of decency and respect for the public good?—Your obedient servant, E. S. R.

London, Oct. 9.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

Erratum in the last *Theatrical Examiner*, p. 679, col. 2, line 13 from the bottom, for *glazing*, read *glosing*.

No. 103.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Thursday evening produced another substitute for Mrs. Dickons (who is now possessed by the Lyceum Theatre) in the person of Miss Feron. With a voice of more power and compass, though of less science and correctness, than Mrs. Dickons, Miss Feron has greatly hurt her instrument by straining at imitations, which have procured her the cognomen of the *English Catalani*. She had better forego this ambition: there will never be but one Catalani: that divine singer's notes, loud and thrilling as they are, appear to come naturally from her miraculous organ: Miss Feron labours to pierce the ear; and she does pierce it, but then it is with *pain*. Her appearances at Covent Garden were very judiciously upon her own merits, as Miss Feron, the representative of *Florella*, in Mr. Thomas Dibdin's trinket Opera of the *Cabinet*. In this part she has already appeared twice; but we are still unwilling to offer any thing like a settled judgment of her merits as a performer. The novelty of a new appearance,—the pleasure which it is impossible not to feel when any thing like female talent is met with on the Stage, and the natural prejudice in favour of youth and good looks and lively acting, are too strong not to embar-

rass the more sober judgment of criticism. But Miss Feron has, with all those allowances for a prejudice in her favour, very considerable merits. As a singer, her voice is uncommonly distinct and strong; she pronounces the words articulately, and accompanies her song with an action seldom inappropriate, and sometimes not ungraceful. Her acting is quick, lively, and natural. She seems made for coquettes and chamber-maids. Her pertness and vivacity were very amusing in *Floretta*, and some of her bye-play conveyed probably much more intelligence than the author had contemplated. If Miss Feron succeeds in this spirit, she will be an admirable acquisition to some of our Opera writers.

"To view
"In Homer more than Homer knew,"—

may be a work of supererogation in a Commentator, but in the present state of the Musical Drama, would be a most invaluable talent in an Actress; and we give Miss Feron the credit of making some of her part intelligible, and all of it amusing, beyond any possible intention of the Author. A figure like Miss Feron's is not made for the Heroines and Queens of the Stage: the sweeping robe, and sable pomp and haughty step of *Mandanes* and *Elfridas* were not made for her; but as a representative of the light sportiveness and arch intrigue of the Comic Opera, we have seldom seen one who could contrive to put at once more meaning in her merriment, and more merriment in her meaning. The fault of her voice is a wildness which defies all the controul of the Orchestra. Her acting is sometimes as unrestrained as her voice; but they both appear to have excellent materials for improvement, and we expect much pleasure from the corrected and polished taste which it should be her first labour to acquire.

NEW DRURY LANE THEATRE.

On Monday, a large body of labourers were marched upon the ground formerly occupied by Drury Lane Theatre, and commenced clearing away the rubbish, &c. The daily papers say, that the New Theatre will be erected in a year, for that every difficulty is now overcome, owing to the great exertions of Mr. Whitbread. Mr. Whitbread's name is unquestionably a tower of strength, though many persons think it might have been much better employed than in endeavouring to persuade the public to fill Mr. Sheridan's pockets, instead of those of his lawful creditors. In spite, too, of the building *show* now making, there are many who still think that the Theatre will never be rebuilt on the proposed plan. The sum to be raised under the Act is 300,000*l*. It is not a little curious, that the Committee have never specified the *amount* of the Subscriptions, which they would eagerly have done, had it been of any magnitude. The report is, that not more than 50,000*l*. or one-sixth of the money, has yet been subscribed. If this be true, it does not seem likely that 250,000*l*. more will be procured, when it is remembered, that what has hitherto been obtained, has been chiefly owing to the exertions of Mr. Whitbread and other friends of Mr. Sheridan, and not to the public approbation of the plan, which is very properly and very generally despised. The proposal to put *forty thousand pounds* into the Sheridans' pockets, while their creditors are to take *five shillings in the pound*, is altogether so gross, that the very mention of it has disgusted all unbiassed and upright people.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Sir,—The Public looks to you for principle.—In reading the *Chronicle* the other day, I met with the account of the Meeting of the Friends to the rebuilding of Drury-lane Theatre, and I was not a little astonished to see the source of revenue to be derived from the appropriation of *Private Boxes*.—I was also, if possible, more surprised to find Mr. Whitbread (for whom I have the greatest respect) stating from the Chair such a *source* of revenue, and Mr. Perry, who certainly gained pardon from me for many of his political tergiversations for the arduous struggle which he made to put down such an abuse of patent property at Covent-Garden.—Has Mr. Whitbread forgot, when he was attacked in the House of Commons by the tools of Ministers on the subject of that dispute, that he replied, as reported, nearly as follows:—"That the people had the Law on their side, and he had the Constitution." And if they had the right then, they must have the right still.—Can any Act of Parliament alter principle, or can Whigs be right in doing that which was wrong in Tories?—I hope Mr. Perry will look over his own file of Papers, and refresh his memory with old arguments against such an insult to Public feeling, and that we shall see "Richard himself again," notwithstanding it is his own friends that are now about to profit by the abuse.—Are we to have the aristocracy of wealth pushed upon us in our very amusements?

It may be said, that there is an Act of Parliament authorising the exclusion of these Boxes from the Public at large; but this is not quite a fair statement. The Act of Parliament goes no further than to enable the *Committee*, or *Trustees*, to shut up the boxes, if they *think it necessary*.—But what Committee can think it necessary under a *Patent*, or Government authority, to make such distinctions?—The Government have divided the sin, like the Abbess of Adouillettes, between themselves and these gentlemen,—so that neither may be to blame. But, in fact, the fault lies with those who tempted the Parliament,—well knowing that it did not require much labour to induce them to abridge the liberties of the people.

Let the Whigs remember (who I know are now wishing to court popular favour, on account of their late disappointment) that this will be one of the worst steps they have taken for some time. Let them not forget that the people know, that it is to them they owe *Septennial Parliaments*,—*the Excise Laws*,—*the doubling of the Income-Tax*,—*the taking a Judge of the land into the Privy Council*;—that they *attempted* to send the *Exciseman* into every *Private House*; and that they have *now*, in the face of *popular opinion*, framed an Act for insulting the people under a Patent, if a few men named shall think it adviseable. Coriolanus.

MRS. CLARKE AND MESSRS. ARMSTRONG.

[*FROM THE TIMES.*]

We copy a letter, with the signature of *J. Armstrong*, inserted in another paper. Whether such a person as this J. Armstrong exists, or the whole is fiction, we know not: but this real or imaginary character modestly comes forward, and tells the world, that he introduced his wife to give the celebrated Mrs. Clarke countenance in her present state of debasement, upon the monstrous and incredible condition, that Mrs. Clarke should in return get him a si-

tuation of emolument. Our readers will recollect a late trial in India, wherein a horrible monster appeared to have employed his wife in charging persons with an adulterous intercourse with her, in order to extort money from them. This J. Armstrong says (though we do not believe him), that he put his wife to an equally delicate service, and for a purpose precisely similar,—that of extorting emolument for himself.—We, however, suspect that there is a deeper design in this than is at first apparent. If a person could be brought forward now, who should avow that he was stupid enough to apply to Mrs. Clarke for preferment at this present time, some people might think that all the applications of former days, from French, Tonyn, O'Meara, &c. &c. when she was in her high and palmy state, proceeded upon no better warranty. But if this is really the object, we can inform those who laid so notable a plan, that the good sense of the people of England is not to be entrapped by such skulls as theirs. We need only glance, in the remotest way, at the clumsiness of the snare, to shy at it:—"I have performed my part of the contract (says the writer of this note), by introducing my wife to Mrs. Clarke, it now remains for Mrs. Clarke to perform her promise to me;" that is, by getting me an office. No, no; none that ever really applied to Mrs. Clarke for promotion, addressed themselves to her in this style, through a public journal. The aim of the man who wrote this note, if any such exist, is to make the people believe, that Mrs. Clarke really never did possess the power of bestowing patronage, except in the estimation of such noodles as himself: but the bait won't take.—Here follows the note in question:—

"TO THE EDITOR.

"*No. 7, Leicester-place, Leicester-square, Oct.* 20.

"SIR—As I do not take in your paper, the Card of Mrs. Clarke, inserted by you on the 16th instant, escaped my knowledge, until I was informed of its contents by a gentleman who saw it. I have lost as little time as possible in procuring a sight of your paper of that day; and I do in the most solemn manner declare, that Mrs. Clarke's statement is a wilful misrepresentation, which can be proved by several persons frequenting her house; and as Mrs. Clarke has thought proper to specify who Mrs. Armstrong is, &c. &c. without informing you of the actual terms which induced Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong to visit Mrs. Clarke, I beg leave to assure you, that it was in consequence of the promise of an appointment of considerable emolument to be procured through her influence. I have, therefore, performed my part of the contract, by introducing Mrs. Armstrong to Mrs. Clarke; it now remains for Mrs. Clarke to perform her promise to me; and I trust the liberal part of mankind will put a fair and proper construction on the error I was led into. —I am, Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

"Lieut. J. ARMSTRONG."

[FROM THE MORNING HERALD.]

Morning Herald Office, Oct. 22.

The letter from Lieut. Armstrong, stating the grounds on which he introduced his wife to Mrs. Clarke, and published exclusively in the *Herald* on Saturday last, having raised numerous sceptics in the other prints, who not only questioned its authenticity, but even the existence of the writer, we deem it necessary to state, that it was brought and delivered for publication at this Office by Lieutenant Armstrong in person. That gentleman feels himself much aggrieved by the comments which have been made on his conduct in a Morning Paper, particularly the comparison instituted between him and an officer in India, which is both unjust and inapplicable. Mrs. Armstrong, who, we understand, is a lady respectable in character and connections, has reached that period of life which renders the slanderous insinuations respecting her as absurd as they are untrue. It is necessary to state, that the word *Lieutenant*, placed before Mr. Armstrong's signature in our paper of Monday, was an error of the press; as was also the date, *Leicester-place, Leicester-square*, which ought to have been *West-place, West-square*; but the word West, from the manner in which it was written, was supposed to be a contraction for Leicester. This mistake is the more remarkable, as it appears that another Mr. Armstrong lives in Leicester-place, and has supposed that the letter which was in the *Morning Herald* of Monday, was imposed upon us in his name. We know as little of this gentleman as we did of Lieut. Armstrong, when we received his communication; but he has addressed a letter to us, which we subjoin, omitting, however, one expression, the insertion of which he will, from the explanation given above, understand to be unnecessary:—

"MR. EDITOR,—It was with great astonishment I beheld in your Paper of yesterday, a letter purporting to be written by me, and stating that I expected some emolument through the medium of Mrs. Clarke. I am not the author of that letter, and I must therefore beg of you to contradict the same immediately by the insertion of this. It is now some time since I had any connection at all with Mrs. Clarke, but it was never for the purposes mentioned in the letter that appeared in your paper. "JAMES ARMSTRONG."

"*Leicester place, Oct.* 23, 1811."

*** Lieut. Armstrong has prepared a letter in reply to an article in a Morning Paper of yesterday, but too late for insertion in the *Herald* of this morning. It shall appear in our next.

FOR THE MORNING HERALD.

"*No. 2, West-place, West-square, Oct.* 22, 1811.

"Trusting to a continuance of the same liberality I have already received at your hands, I feel myself under the painful necessity of again addressing you, in consequence of a gross attack on my character, in a Morning Paper of Tuesday last. It is not to be wondered at in so large a Metropolis as this is, that there are men who, from their connexion with the degraded part of the Press, and their situation in life, would attempt the character of any individual; but that a respectable Paper should lend itself to a person who has evidently dipped his pen in his own gall to answer some sinister purpose, was cruel and uncalled for. This man of *Words* calls his readers to recollect a trial in India, wherein a horrible monster appeared to have forced his wife to charge respectable characters with an adulterous intercourse with her, in order to extort money for himself!! I now call on the Public to say, how far my introducing my wife to Mrs. Clarke, on the promise of preferment, which my circumstances unfortunately required, (and which others in a superior rank of life have sought in the same way before me) is similar to his Indian story! The remark is just wherein he says, "None that ever really applied to Mrs. Clarke for promotion, addressed themselves to her in this style through a public Journal;" nor would I, but I found I had been duped and deceived, both by Mrs. Clarke and her bosom friend, who gave me to understand that Mrs. Armstrong was to have met other respectable Ladies at Mrs. Clarke's house. It was, therefore, for no other purpose but to bring me before the Public, and cover themselves, that the falsehood appeared under Mrs. Clarke's name, and which I was introduced to contradict. From what has come within my knowledge, I believe, even *now*, that Mrs. Clarke has a remnant of interest left, but through what channel I know not; and I equally believe she will only use it for those who can return the compliment. The writer in the Paper alluded to, begins his libel on me by "disbelieving that there is such a person?" if he is still of that opinion, let him only do me the favour to give me his address, or to call at my lodgings, and I pledge myself to give him *convincing proofs* that I am *alive* to his unmanly attack. I do not pretend to de-

fond my weakness, or my credulity, yet I hope my friends and the world will be convinced that I am not morally guilty, but made the dupe of a designing party.—I am, Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant, "I. ARMSTRONG."

METHODISM.

[The ESSAYS ON METHODISM which appeared in the first Volume of the *Examiner*, having been reprinted in a Pamphlet with a Preface and additional Notes, the Preface is now given, in order that the readers of this paper may have the whole of the Author's arguments before them.]

The Reader will not suppose, that the following pages were written under the expectation of converting a single enthusiast. The Methodists, in their plenitude of authority, like one of the mob elevated to a throne, will hear of nothing that does not flatter their passions; and in fine, people do not write books for the use of madmen. The exercise of common reason however, which ruins me at once with those amiable logicians, may have some influence with less dogmatic persons, who chuse to employ the faculties they have received from nature, for the discernment between facts and fancies: and I shall have attained the great end of my humble endeavours, if they should induce any ingenuous young man, hesitating on the threshhold of an intolerant religion, to think better of the feelings for which he was created, and of the all-merciful Deity who created him.

There are, no doubt, a few learned persons and many virtuous ones among the Methodists: so there were among the Papists at the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Methodists have been of moral service to the lower orders: be it so: Mohammed was of the same service to the Arabians. It is with nothing of this that a reasonable man quarrels. Methodism may be of service to the vulgar during the negligence of the Church, but the Church could and ought to be of much greater service: Methodism may serve as a restraint on the gross vices of gross minds; it may supply the influence of the stocks and the pillory to depraved habits, which nothing but terror can reform; but as to it's fitness for a national religion, as to it's fitness for a system which should be adapted to society at large, which should contain nothing contrary to the common principles of justice,—which should tend to a continual advancement in knowledge and Christian charity,—which should virtuously use and not unthankfully abuse the world in which we live, and which should act like an improving medicine, instead of a discolouring and disgusting poison, to those wordly enjoyments that may be checked but never can be done away—Methodism has no more pretensions to any thing of the kind, than the thief-taker, who carries terror into St. Giles, has to be a lawgiver and "a judge over the nations."

The Methodists object to the Established Church, that it professes articles which it does not preach; and this charge is true in spirit, though not in fact. The Church preaches these articles, such as the trinity, election, and eternal punishment, occasionally and with little vehemence; and though such a system of preaching is best suited to a mild establishment and to the national character, yet it affords a natural opportunity to the malice or ambition of any set of fanatics, who chuse to start up and exclaim—"The Church is not doing it's duty! We are the true Church!"—In former times a remedy, such as it was, might have been found for this evil in reviving a counter severity of doctrine; but the spirit of inquiry has latterly been so strong in every point of view, and sound minds have acquired the habit of shewing so little respect for any thing but reason and truth, that the Established Church, to free itself from innovation on the side of bigotry, has nothing to do but to begin the innovation on the side of liberality, and to follow the advice of it's most learned and liberal members in ceasing to insist on subscription. His Majesty, it is said, has shewn no dislike to such a proceeding, though there could be no hope of it during the reign of the present Ministers, who are wedded to the whole family of bigotries, and accordingly beget nothing but disasters: but perhaps it may be reserved for the succeeding Monarch, who, of all the Princes since the Revolution, will have the noblest opportunity of becoming popular by reform. Be it as it may, there are certain opinions of Deity, which the age has grown too enlightened to endure in the way of dogmatism. Christianity has too long been subject to that well-founded reproach of all other religions, that they represent the Supreme Being as superior to man in nothing but power; and the doctrines of election and eternal punishment have become so ridiculous when contrasted with the epithets *all-just* and *all-merciful*, that the Christian Faith itself would be in danger of destruction, were attempts made, either here or on the Continent, to revive a dogmatizing and impatient establishment.

A religion, like Methodism, is not fit for a free nation. The Calvinists did well, inasmuch as they revolted from another tyranny; but what have they atchieved, what have the Genevans atchieved as a people, upon the strength of their own superstitions? Literally nothing, but a book or two, and a burning. What are we to think of divine virtues which it would be an absolute sin to imitate? The God of Methodism, who is as rank a false deity as any Mars or Moloch, is a being of decidedly bad passions; he is a mere despot, with a very ill choice of favourites, condemning the vast majority of his creatures to eternal misery. The imitation of such a being could not be endured in society; and luckily it is as impossible, as it would be detestable in public government *.

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* One of the best, as well as wittiest of men, has ridiculed the monstrosities of Calvinism in an exquisite passage, which is of itself a refutation of the assertion, that ridicule and logic are incompatible:—

"He [Calvinism personified] was no less singular in his opinions; you would have burst your sides to hear him talk of politics:—'All governments,' says he, 'is founded upon the right distribution of punishments; decent executions keep the world in awe, for that reason the majority of mankind ought to be hanged every year. For example, I suppose, the magistrate ought to pass an irreversible sentence on all blue-eyed children from the cradle; [absolute Predestination] but that there may be some shew of justice in this proceeding, these children ought to be trained up by masters appointed for that purpose, to all sorts of villainy; [Reprobation] that they may deserve their fate, and the execution of them may serve as an object of terrour to the rest of mankind.' As to the giving of pardons, he had this singular method, that when these wretches had the rope about their necks, it should be enquired, who believed they should be hanged, and who not; [saving Faith; a belief that one shall certainly be saved]—the first were to be pardoned, the last hanged outright. Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hanged afterward for any crime whatsoever." [Election]

ARBUTHNOT'S *Hist. John Bull, part, 2d, chap. 3d.*

Intolerance, however, which is considered as so divine an attribute, will be carried as far as possible by his worshippers, otherwise they would libel the very attributes they adore. Thus upon the plea of acting for and with God, there is no insolence which they do not practise, and no tyranny of which they might not be guilty, with the devoutest face in the world. The Papists so reasoned and acted, the Mahometans so reasoned and acted, the Calvinist Reformers so reasoned and acted; and what is to prevent the Methodists but want of power? At this moment, to differ with them is to fight against God, and opposition of any kind is already denounced as a crime †. They have even contrived to acquire a legal power over public satire. One of their communion, who holds the office of Theatrical Censor under the Lord Chamberlain, refused his license the other day to a scene in ridicule of methodistical pruriency. The devout Censor seems to have had no objection to the nonsense and ribaldry that have nauseated the real friends of the drama for years past; but nonsense and ribaldry are very good friends of Methodism, and it was a scandalous thing in a modern dramatist to attack his brother farce-men.

All this is very ludicrous just now, but nothing can be more evident than what has been so often asserted—the identity of the Methodists with the fanatics of the Commonwealth. They have the same spiritual vanity, the same worldly ambition, the same manners, the same dialect; and their success would be followed by the same age of debauchery. As virtue gets a bad name from the cant of fanaticism, so the gayer vices acquire a gloss and a sociality, simply because fanaticism does not practise them: a severe satire, as natural as it is dangerous! If the Methodists have exclaimed against pomps and vanities, they can nevertheless be the most pompous and vain of men: if they delight in giving defiance to power, it is precisely because they envy and aim at the power themselves. It is thus that their humility becomes the rankest pride, and their hatred of worldliness a jealousy of worldly sway.—What was the end of all the meekness and spiritual humility of John Wesley? The infringement of the religious liberty which had been established by the laws of his sect, and the downright claim of infallibility. Nothing put him in such a passion as *insubordination* among "his people." The Methodists say, these things were his *foibles*: and so they were: they are the foibles and the bad passions of all vain and intemperate demagogues. What was answered by Plato to Diogenes, when the latter trampled upon his rich carpet, may be applied by a Christian Philosopher to these ambitious pretenders:—"See," exclaimed the Cynic, "how I trample on Plato's pride!"—"Yes," answered Plato, "but with much greater pride of your own."*

Even on their own account, it is necessary that the influence of the Methodists be done away. A few hard and pushing spirits among them, as well as a few gentler ones more amiably gifted with cant, may rise in this wicked world; and great numbers may enjoy the assurance of going to heaven, upon the strength of feeling themselves unfit for it: but a despotic faith founded on the most painful mysteries, and a love of God founded on qualities at which we should shudder in men, raise too many passions for the quiet and philanthropy of a Christian spirit: Methodism, like the element in which it delights, may turn and bend a hardened mind, but it snaps and scorches up the fibres of a fine heart; and in proportion to the want or to the possession of true feeling, does this capricious religion fill the one with comfort, and the other with restlessness. The restlessness acting on thoughtful minds, and the vanity of election acting on thoughtless ones, have notoriously filled our hospitals with insanity. I myself knew a lady, otherwise a sensible fine-hearted woman, who was driven by Methodism to entertain the most horrible anticipations with regard to the friends who differed from her, and the struggles with these opinions at last drove her mad, as she now is irrecoverably. Thus it is, that wives go mad on account of their husbands, and mothers on account of their children. What need I say of the hypochondrias, the consuming fevers, the suicides that follow the burning progress of Methodism? What need I say of Cowper, around whose gentle heart, under pretence of cauterizing its wounds, Methodism bound a cord of fire?

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† Take one instance out of a thousand. A strolling preacher, giving an account of the difficulty he experienced with those who differed from him, says at once, with true Christian energy, "*Hell rages.*"—See Meth. Mag. Appendix for 1807, p. 615.

* The reader has heard of the religious Hoy which sails to Margate "by Divine Providence." It was my fate, a year or two ago, to be a passenger on board this vessel of purification, where I had a fine opportunity of seeing the godly in their social moments. In the cabin were two or three religious books, some spirituous liquors, and a catalogue of one of the Margate *circulating libraries*,—a mixture somewhat profane, but of course profitable. I had no suspicion of my company for some time, though their manners appeared uncouth, and a pleasure singularly prim sat upon the faces of the gayer part of them. Towards the afternoon however, a man sitting at the mast with the aspect and voice of a bully, gave out a hymn containing the following stanza:—

Let those refuse to sing
Who *never knew our God*,
But *fav'rites* of the heav'nly king
May speak their joys abroad.

This was sung with great energy and many inquiring glances by the "favourites" aforesaid; the Stentor at the mast threw in his harmony with a bass, beating time on his knee and looking magnificently about him, doubtless out of pure devotion; and of course, those who did not sing, whether out of modesty, or inability, or dislike of Pharisaical worship, were set down as persons who "never knew God." After this Christian concert, the "favourites" betook themselves to a little "innocent and improving" conversation, consisting of riddles about five gallon casks, puzzling questions respecting a man who rode to so many places in so many days, and emphatic hints to deists and atheists, upon which they all turned round and looked fearfully at the non-singers; the leader on this occasion was a respectably dressed elderly man, with a dragged face and eyes like a fish, who seemed as if he was looking into the next world with continual alarm: it was his opinion that the prophecies of the Revelations were now being fulfilled, but he expressed great anxiety to know what sort of things the "*vials of wrath*" were that are mentioned in that book; and whether they might not have been "*cups* or any other vessels." Towards evening, the "favourites" began to disappear, and at night the sailors indulged themselves in one of Dibdin's songs in a *low* tone of voice; the godly, it seems, had retreated to the beds they had secured below; and as I was taking a circuit of the vessel at midnight to get rid of the chill upon me, I stumbled against what to all appearance was a woman sleeping upon the open deck! Exquisite, disinterested Christians! Charming despisers of the good things of this world!

The madness produced by sheer vanity, in consequence of the gross familiarity which Methodism indulges with the Deity, would be only ridiculous, were it not productive of the most shocking blasphemies. People of exuberant fancies and uncultivated minds cannot think too highly of themselves, when they hear the refuse of society claiming familiarity with all the Persons in the Trinity and talking of going to heaven as they would of the one-shilling gallery: they are led on therefore from familiarity to confidence, and from confidence to a sense of equality, and thus become gods themselves. And here the pernicious effect of attributing bad passions to the Deity is again observable, for these poor enthusiasts do not put on a better spirit with their new rank; their sole idea of being godlike is to enjoy power and to be intolerant. It is with this spirit that a poor wretch named Joanna Southcott, who deals out tickets of admission to the assembly of the Lamb upon Mount Sion, calls herself "the Woman with the Sun under her feet" and the Aunt of Jesus Christ, and anathematizes her enemies in the language of a fishwife. The other day, another woman, who seems to be a rival of Joanna, wrote to me as Editor of the *Examiner*, to request that I would meet the Deity at her house between eleven [redacted] twelve: she calls herself Daughter of Sion, and wife of Jehovah, and refers to the 6th chapter of Jeremiah and 54th of Isaiah for her description. The Methodists and these people, though of one stock, are always at variance, and very naturally, from a consciousness that they expose each other.

In the mean time, I am honoured, I understand, with divers pieces of commendation in the shape of abuse, from methodistical newspapers, pamphlets, and pulpits. My antagonists, to prove that I am no Christian, say that I have too much complacency towards heretics; and then to prove that they themselves are Christians, fly into a passion. One man publicly denounced me as a blasphemer, but this might have been of service to me with the Methodists as he was a Huntingtonian, had not his charge been founded on my objections to obscenity. These favours have had their proper effect, and made me the more earnest in the cause of truth. I still think that God alone can decide who are the real heretics and who not, and that none but weak or wicked men will be passionate and obscene. As to the question between Methodism and Christianity, it seems to be simply this—whether we are to think well of Methodism and ill of the Divine Being, or ill of Methodism and well of the Divine Being?

THE ARMY.

The following is given us a copy of an original Letter, intended to have been circulated by Lord Wellington among the Officers of the Army under his command, but which circulation, from some unexplained cause, was not carried into effect:—

"*Villa Formosa, May* 15.

"Sir—Adverting to your report of the transactions of the morning of the 21st ult. in pursuit of the garrison of Almeida; I have to state, that nothing has given me more concern than the conduct of the Hon. Lieutenant-Col. Cochrane, of the 36th regiment. When the enemy had passed the bridge of Barba del Porco, the further pursuit of those troops was useless, and every step taken beyond the point to which the Lieut.-Col. was ordered to proceed, was only a risk to the officers and soldiers under his command, from whence retreat was next to impossible.

"The Lieut.-Colonel did not know, possibly, that the whole of the 2d Corps d'Armee was at St. Felices, but a short distance from Barba del Porco, and upon hearing the firing, formed on the Agueda to protect the retreat of these troops; he knew, however, that the garrison of Almeida, although perhaps in disorder, were a body far superior in numbers to those he had under his command, and he did not know what troops were in St. Felices to support them; his advance, therefore, and his passage of the bridge, was an imprudence, to which all the losses of the day must be attributed.

"The frequent instances that occurred lately of severe loss, and in some instances, of important failures, by officers leading the troops beyond the point to which they were ordered, and beyond all bounds; such as the loss of prisoners taken in front of the village of Fuentes, on the 3d and 5th; the loss incurred by the 13th Light Dragoons, near and at Badajos, on the 25th of March; the severe loss incurred by the troops at the siege of Badajos on the right of the Gundiana, on the 10th inst. have induced me to determine to bring before a General Court Marshal for disobedience of orders, any Officer who should in future be guilty of this conduct.

"I entertain no doubt of the readiness of the officers and soldiers of the army to advance upon the enemy, but it is my duty, and that of every General and other Officer in command, to emulate the spirit, and not to expose the soldiers to contend with unequal numbers in situations where they cannot be supported, from which their retreat is not secure; and in which they run the risk of being prisoners to the enemy they had before beaten.

"The desire of being forward in engaging the enemy is not uncommon in the British Army; but that quality which I wish to see the Officers possess, who are at the head of troops, is a cool discriminating judgment in action, which will enable them to decide with promptitude how far they can and ought to go with propriety, and to convey their orders, and to act with such vigour and decision, as that the soldiers will look up to them with confidence in the moment of action, and obey them with alacrity. The Officers of the army may depend upon it, that the enemy to whom they are opposed are not less prudent than powerful:—notwithstanding what has been printed in Gazettes and Newspapers, we have never seen small bodies, unsupported, opposed to large, nor has the experience of any Officer realized the stories, which all have read, of whole armies being driven by a handful of light infantry or dragoons.

"I trust that this Letter, copies of which I propose to circulate to General Officers of divisions, with directions to circulate it among the Officers of the Army, will have the effect of inducing them to reflect seriously upon the duties which they have to perform before the enemy, and to avoid the crime which is the subject of it, and which is really become of serious detriment to the Army and public interest.

(Signed) "WELLINGTON."

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

Wednesday morning, the workmen employed in building some new houses in Chapel-street, Grosvenor-place, found a young woman fashionably dressed, asleep on the ground in one of the unfinished halls. The workmen awoke her, expressing their surprise how a female of such appearance could have been found in such an abode. The lady, however, expressed some displeasure at having her repose thus rudely disturbed, and repelled their intrusion with an air and manner that abashed them. —As she seemed rather reluctant to quit her abode, the master architect came forward, and stated how unfit the place was for such a visitor, and also the inconvenience of her continuing there, as the place was exactly in the way of the workmen. The lady having listened attentively to this address arose in solemn silence and left the half-built house. About half an hour after the Architect perceived her lying in a neighbouring field. He went to her and remonstrated with her upon a conduct corresponding so little with her appearance, but she declined all explanation. He then proceeded to apprise the neighbours of the case, and with praise-worthy feeling had her removed to a public-house in Chapel-street, the landlord of which kindly gave her some

ten, and offered her a bed, which she accepted. We have not yet described her person. She is above the middle size, finely shaped, and of a most interesting appearance; her countenance very expressive, but dark enough for a foreigner. She was dressed in a scarlet riding-habit, and carried with her a small bundle. On being interrogated from whence she came, she answered in terms that where construed to mean from Malta, and that she had no friends—we say construed, as she spoke faintly, and in a foreign accent not very intelligible. After eating her breakfast she retired to bed, and in the meantime, the curiosity of the good landlady being strongly excited, she proceeded to open her guest's bundle. On search, it was found to contain a pair of lady's half-boots, a very valuable white dress, and a chemise of remarkable fine linen. The landlady watched her while asleep with anxious attention: but how great must have been her surprise, on hearing the Maltese lady, when suddenly awaking from sleep, expressing herself in terms that proved her to be pure and native Irish. The landlady was Irish too, and could not be mistaken. She, therefore, interrogated her more closely, and the latter, finding that she had let out more than she intended, became more communicative. She acknowleded that she was a native of Ireland, and that her name was Fitzpatrick, but the particular place of her birth, or how she came into that very extraordinary situation, she declined to explain.—Another circumstance also increased the mystery; she had only three farthings in her pocket, and yet, though money was pressed upon her by the inhabitants of Grosvenor-place and Chapel-street, she refused all pecuniary assistance. The publican's wife not being pleased at the idea of being imposed upon by her countrywoman as a Maltese, insisted she should leave the house, which she did with the greatest composure, and without moving a muscle of her face, and went again into the fields, where she sat upon a wet bank for two hours. Here she was at last observed by the overseer of the parish, who offered her an asylum in the poor-house, which she rejected with great scorn and contempt. A gentleman's groom passing by, and hearing the altercation, offered to take her in charge, and find her a comfortable lodging for the night, which he said he was sure his master would reward him for, as he was an *Irishman*. She readily accepted the offer, and they both made their exit together. The opinion of the overseer and the publican is, that she is insane. It appeared that she had been at the Feathers public-house on the preceding night, wanting a bed, and was turned out of the house in consequence of her incoherent manner, which caused her to seek refuge in the unfinished buildings. *Chronicle.*

Tuesday morning, Major Sands, formerly of the 82d regiment of foot, was found dead in his bed at the New Hummums Hotel, Covent-garden. He came home on Monday night, about eleven o'clock, and having ate his supper with an apparent good appetite, he went to bed, where, in the morning, on the waiter going into his room to awaken him, he was discovered dead.—A Coroner's Inquest was held at the above place on Wednesday, before A. Gell, Esq. Coroner for Westminster; and after a long deliberation, a verdict was returned—*Died by the visitation of God.*

During the fog on Saturday night, the Bath and Exeter mails were upset at Hammersmith; but without any material injury to the passengers, the drivers, or guards. The Southampton mail was not so fortunate; it was overset at Turnham-green, into a ditch four feet in breadth, and five in depth. The coachman was thrown from his box, and much bruised; and a passenger had his leg broken. The perch-bolt being broken, the horses went off at full speed: the legs of two of them, it is said, were broken by the perch, and the leaders dragged them a considerable distance.

PICKPOCKETS.—On Thursday week, as Mr. Paxton, of Buckingham-street, in the Strand, was passing along the Strand, near Salisbury-street, he was hustled and robbed of his gold watch, chain, and seals, by three or four men, respectably dressed.—The day before, about seven o'clock in the evening, as Mr. Elliott, of Friday-street, was passing through Fleet-street, he was attacked by three or four men, who took from him his pocket-book, containing several Bank-notes.—And a few evenings since, a gentleman was robbed by a single footpad, near the two and a half mile-stone, on the Fulham-road. The robber wore a soldier's great-coat and cap. He was drinking a short time previous to the robbery at a public-house near the spot, when he had two bright pistols, and several Bank-notes.

On Wednesday evening, as two gentlemen, who were travelling in a chaise near Hornsey, were stopped by three footpads, who, after robbing them, dragged them out of the chaise and severely ill-treated them.

On Monday night last, as Mr. Clarke, who keeps the Checquers public-house, in Coopers-lane, near Barnet, was returning from London on horseback, he was stopt not far from his own house, by three fellows on foot, who attempted to rob him; but being well mounted, he set spurs to his horse, and had the good fortune to escape from them. As he got off, one of the fellows fired a pistol at him, the ball from which passed through the crown of his hat. He, however, pushed on rapidly to Barnet, where he raised the hue and cry, and the fellows were pursued and taken; and on being brought before Mr. Casamajor, a magistrate in that neighbourhood, they were committed for trial.

In the month of August last, a female negro slave was pushed into a pond at Antigua, and drowned.—The Coroner's Inquest found it murder against some person or persons unknown, and every exertion was made to discover the person who had committed the fact, but in vain. At length Mr. W. H. Thompson, a gentleman, says the Antigua paper, much esteemed by those who know him, and whose general character has been unexceptionable, went to the sitting Magistrates and confessed that he was the unfortunate person, who, without any malice against the poor woman, had occasioned her death. An application was made that he might be admitted to bail, but this the Attorney-General resisted, and the Court unanimously refused; he, therefore, remains in prison to take his trial. "It is universally regretted," says the Editor of the *Antigua Journal*, "that a gentleman of Mr. Thompson's humanity and engaging mildness of manners, should be led by the playfulness of his disposition (at that time, it is said, exhilirated by wine), to indulge in a kind of sport which has been attended with such deplorable consequences, and has occasioned the most bitter reflections to himself."

MARRIAGES.

On the 22d inst., at the Friend's Meeting-house, Bishopsgate-street, J. Rickman, of Layton, Essex, to Elizabeth, daughter of S. Barnard, of Camberwell.

On Thursday, at St. George's, Hanover-square, H. F. C. Cavendish, Esq. Captain in the 103d regiment, second son to Lord G. H. Cavendish, to Miss Sarah Fawkener, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Fawkener, Esq.

On the 22d instant, at Walthamstow, Samuel Shaen, Esq. Barrister, to Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Isaac Solly, Esq.

On Thursday morning, at St. James's Church, Wm. Jones Burdett, Esq. to Miss Brent.

DEATHS.

Suddenly, on Tuesday week, Sir Nathaniel Holland, of Cranbury-house, near Winchester.

On the 20th inst., at Kentish Town, Miss Mary Anne Munden, aged 26, daughter of Mr. J. Munden, Comedian.

Last week, at his apartments in Bond-street, Gen. Picton, in the 84th year of his age.

Monday last, Sir Nicholas Nugent, Bart.

Tuesday morning, at his house in Bedford-square, Doctor Reynolds, aged 66.

Suddenly, on Saturday week, at Powrie, in Forfarshire, the Hon. Charles Hay, Lord Newton, one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

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